

I Notified The Chasm Inspector

**I notified the Chasm Inspector
About a chasm I had come upon on
My way home from my place of employment.**

**He was so pleased
He rewarded me with
A box of yodel spume and
A ride on his sunset machine.**

— Michael Silverton

To Be Seen By Silent Readers

**No more writing tonight or wine.
It is past midnight, I stretch back
imagining paintings for our white ceiling.
I sense a final good like skin,
to give in to the room,
to admit what I love.
My husband who is always streaked with
dripping paint now reads a book,
the words of which I cannot hear,
a kind of poetry to be seen by silent readers.
In the space between the furniture and
between us, a fundamental affair exists
that is the living thing,
that aches to be kept going
as back and shoulders over a load of bricks
keep moving toward completion of a wall
and stirs in blood like flung mortar
which is now crushed between the bricks.**

— Bettyweiss Olsen

Midvale, Utah